

## THE BARTON COUNTY DEMOCRAT.

W. H. STOKES, Editor & Proprietor.

GREAT BEND, KANSAS.  
FREEDOM OF THOUGHT.

The Province of Thinking Is to Discover Truth and to Reject Error.

Though tyranny finds many ways to enslave man, it can have no direct power over his thoughts. His actions may be restrained, his speech may be fettered, his body may be chained, his life itself may be taken away, but his thoughts no one can interfere with. They remain his own, and, except with his will, no one can even guess what they are. But does this absence of direct power insure true freedom of thought? It may at first sight seem to do so, but a deeper insight into the nature of thought will show that it is itself subject to many influences and conditions. Associations, circumstances, education, climate, race, occupation, hopes, fears, emotions—all exert an indirect but powerful pressure upon thought; so powerful that if in no sense it is always controlled, if no one else can claim authority over our thought, neither may we exercise an absolute and immediate dominion over it. Is freedom of thought, then, a mere name—a sound without meaning? Not so. Real freedom of any kind involves not only the absence of artificial restraint, but the presence of influences favorable to growth and development. The infant left without care is not free; it has no choice but to perish. The body can be enslaved by gout or paralysis as surely as by prisons and chains; both prevent the healthful exercise which is its life. Even indolence and self-indulgence may prove equal tyrants. It is only where a wholesome and active life secures for the body that varied motion and other salutary conditions needful to its best development that we can say the freedom of the body is secured. So the freedom which thought needs is not merely the absence of any personal compulsory force, but the presence of favorable influences, which shall enable it to grow in strength and to perform its functions in the most perfect manner. Our thought should be the guides of our whole lives; their province is to discover truth and to reject error, to sift the just from the unjust, the pure from the impure, the better from the worse, and so to apply them as to improve character and life. How important, then, it becomes that we should foster those conditions and influences that will enable thought to perform without hindrance, so essential a work! One very strong pressure that bears upon thought to prevent its freedom and restrain its growth is that of fancied personal interest. We say fancied; because the real interest of the individual is bound up in the healthful advancement of his thought. But it is not uncommon for people to imagine that their happiness lies in an opposite direction. They fear the censure of their party, or the frown of a fashionable circle, or the loss of favor or patronage, if they follow out some train of thought to its logical conclusions. Or they see that if they accept its issues it will require of them certain sacrifices, which they are not prepared to make. Thus they stifle or abandon thoughts that seem dangerous, and remain on what they supposed to be safe ground, forgetting that there is no mental safety where freedom of thought is banished. Then there are also prejudices and antipathies, and even sympathies, to guard against. It is impossible fully to estimate how much our thinking is governed by our feeling. We love one person and refuse to see any defect in him. We dislike another, and his defects are so patent to us that we see no virtues. So with the parties we espouse and those we oppose. Our tendency is to esteem the ideas and doings of the one as all right and those of the other as all wrong. In general it may be said that the desire to establish as true some particular conclusion, or some special set of ideas, is a stronger element in the investigation than the desire to find out what really is true. How the desires and the emotions are valuable parts of our nature, and deserve full recognition, but when they tyrannize over the thoughts and prevent their free action they exceed their domain and by all possible means ought to be controlled.—Philadelphia Ledger.

### Cellulose Armor for Ships.

Cellulose armor for ships is one of the most interesting inventions of the day. It is a fibrous substance produced in France by a secret mechanical process from cocoon husk. When compressed its specific gravity is far less than that of cork. It is the lightest solid known, and therefore invaluable for life belts and life mattresses, while in large quantities its buoyancy will make a ship unsinkable. It is used to fill compartments in a ship's side and serves to prevent water entering the ship through a hole made by a projectile or rock, because the instant the water enters the cellulose is expanded by it to an impenetrable thickness. It does not decay or emit any odor, and has been packed in ships' compartments without undergoing any change. If a mass of cellulose be penetrated by a projectile it will not be ignited by the friction. If the neck of a bottle full of water be filled with cellulose it will effectually cork the bottle. It is coming largely into use in the French navy.—London Court Journal.

### Standing on Her Dignity.

Husband (alarmed)—Emily, there seems to be a smoke coming up through the floor. Run and tell the lady on the flat below. Something's afoot in her part of this building! Quick! Quick!

Wife (cold and stately)—Cyrus, I'll never do it in the world. We've lived three months in this flat and she has never called on me.—Chicago Tribune.

### ABOUT GOLD WATCHES.

The Demand for Them Growing in All Parts of the Country.

"Gold watches are so common nowadays that men don't take as much pride in wearing them as they did a few years ago," said a Fulton street jeweler the other day. "The individual who could sport a gold watch and chain a dozen years ago was considered a person of wealth and property. But he isn't now. Why, you will find gold watches in the pockets of our street-car conductors, and I have even known them to wear handsome diamond rings. Did you ever notice the ostentatious manner in which a young man handles his first gold watch? It is rather amusing. Usually he carries it in a chamol leather pouch, and is very careful not to breathe on it or touch the case with his fingers. He consults it every fifteen minutes for the first month, but he soon tires of it, and then considers it a horrible bore to be asked for the time. The demand for gold watches was never greater than it is to-day. Watch companies are kept very busy filling orders, and we retail jewelers do a good business in this line."

"Why is it that watches are so much cheaper now than a few years ago?" "Well, for one thing, the watch movements are a great deal cheaper. Gold is just exactly the same price per pennyweight. The reduction in price is confined to the movements. The watch movements of the standard American make are very cheap. Those in common use in gold watches of the cheapest grade are from \$10 to \$20 each, and some of the best movements are worth at wholesale \$25 to \$30. There is, however, a high-priced, fine American movement which may cost you \$75, but they are not put in ordinary cases. A watch that you paid \$100 for a few years ago you can get today for \$60, and this \$60 watch will have a \$10 or \$15 movement in it. For \$60 you should get a movement case in solid 14-carat gold, weighing from 45 to 50 pennyweights. The purchaser will get more service out of a 14-carat case than he will out of an 18-carat."

"How can dealers offer the public solid gold watches for \$40 and \$55?" "They are not sold by any means. There are some unprincipled makers who will mark a case of 10 carat outside and 8 carat inside 14 carat, and a 10 and 14 carat would be marked 18 carat. There is no law in America to prevent this. The case is made of a composition which holds a gold plating finely. This composition is sometimes very heavily plated, and will wear for several years without showing the base metal. There is little difficulty in disposing of them as solid gold cases, and in this way the price is surprisingly low. There is more opportunity for deception in the movement and case of a watch than in almost any other article. The amount of money invested in a watch offers much inducement to experiment. The case manufacturer is not necessarily obliged to know much about the movement of a watch. He makes his cases to fit the standard American sizes of movements, and most makers produce a uniform size.—Brooklyn Eagle.

### MARVELOUS MEMORY.

A Talk with a Man Who Had the Fortune of Knowing Washington.

"Look, here," said an old negro, "what's all dis yere marchin' an' blowin' an' sky-larkin' gwine on about?" "It's the centennial celebration of George Washington's inauguration as President of the United States." "How? What you mean?" "Why, it has been one hundred years since Washington took his seat as President." "Has it been dat long?" "Yes." "Is you sho?" "Yes, sure." "Why I didn't know it had been dat long. Ain't seemed dat long to me, sah." "Do you remember it?" "Huh, I reckon I does when I made ten dollars dat day drivin' er hack." "You must have been a very small boy at the time." "Who er a small boy? Ma er small boy? No, I wa'n't. I wuz ez big ez I is now, dat's how much o' er small boy I wuz. Wife tole me dat day—"

"What you were not married?" "Huh, who wa'n't married? Me? I reckon I wuz. Wife she say: 'Stephen, you go on out yander now an' make some money.'"

"How I going make money?" "I 'dribin' er hack," she 'lows. "Whar's de hack?" "I 'lows."

"Dat's what you mus' look out fur," she 'lows.

"Wall, I went on down the street, I did—"

"Ca'iro, down yere, sah; Ca'iro. I went on down de street, I did, an' I seed Gen'l Washington's hack stop in front o' de tavern, an' I went up, I did, an' ez de gre't man got out I walked up ter him, sah; 'Gen'l, how long you gwine be in dar?'"

"Doan know, zackly," says he. "Wharfo' you ax?"

"Caze, I wanten hol' yo' hosses," he 'lows.

"All right," says he, an' he went on inter de house. After he'd gone I jumped up an' driv dat hack off.

"Right dis way," I hollered, 'take er ride in Gen'l Washington's hack. Las' tunity you'll git. Ride you 'roun' de block for fifty cents.' Wall, sah, de folks da filled in, an' ef de Gen'l had staid in dat house long ermost I'd er got rich right dar, but he had ter come out an' go on up ter de pos'-office an' take his seat. I seed him when he sot down. Da foteh er gre't big rockin' cheer out in front o' de do', and de postmaster he say: 'Gen'l, set down.'"

"Da Gen'l he say: 'Thankee, sah, doan kere ef I does.'"

"Was there much of a crowd?" "Yas, sah, er right smart sprinklin' County co't an' de gran' jury wuz holdin' in for, an', 'sides dat, dar wuz er good many folks in frum eroder river. De Gen'l knowed er good many o' em, he did, an' once in er while he'd say: 'Billy, is you done planted yo' co'n yet?' 'Ab, how's all de folks?' 'Nath, gwine ter set out any terbacker dis season?' 'How many chickens you

got, Aunt Nancy?' 'Wy, bless me, dar's Aunt Janel!' 'Oh, yas, sah, I rickollects all dat ez well ez ef it wuz yistidy. An' you say it's been er hundred years. Huh, how time do fly!'—Arkansas Traveler.

### AMERICAN FABLES.

Three Little Stories with Morals for the Young and the Old.

THE GOOSE AND THE EAGLE.  
The Goose Whose Heart was Fired with Ambition decided to become an Eagle, and She left the Farm Yard one Morning and Wandered off into the Hills as a Starter. She was presently

Espied by an Eagle, who pounced down and Seized upon her as a prize.

"What Means this Treatment?" demanded the goose. "I Came here to be one of you!"

"As a Fowl at Home you are a Success," replied the Eagle, "but as a goose abroad you are n. g., except to furnish a dinner for some Bird with More Sense."

MORAL—When a Mechanic quits his job to become a politician it is not the politician who is Eaten.

### THE FARMER AND THE JUG.

A Farmer who had filled a Jug with Cider and taken it into the Field with him tore up the soil for awhile and broke both suspenders, and then went over to the Jug in anticipation of a Refreshing draught. But when he came to lift the vessel to his lips he found that every drop of Cider had Leaked out and been Absorbed by the dry Earth.

"Ah! but this is the Basest Ingratitude!" he exclaimed, as he flung the Jug from him.

"But behold!" replied the Jug as it split open and Revealed a long-lost Will made by the Farmer's grandfather, and leaving him \$75,000 worth of real estate in Chicago.

MORAL—If your House Burns down and is not Insured you may, in Poking around Among the Ashes, find twice its value in Diamond Pins lost by the Plasterers when the house was Built.

### THE FROG AND THE TRAVELER.

A Frog who had his Home in a Puddle by the Wayside Made such an Ado one night as a Traveler passed that way that the Man was Fain to stop and Inquire the Occasion of it.

"Had I not made such a Noise you would not have known of my Presence," replied the Frog.

"But now that I do know, what of it?" queried the Man.

"Why, I am here."

"Yes, but what are the odds to me where you are? You are a Frog, place yourself where you will."

MORAL—The Man whose Mouth makes his Presence known is seldom worth minding.—Detroit Free Press.

### QUEER BIRD NESTS.

Strange Places Sometimes Selected by Winged Builders.

Birds have some queer fancies in selecting spots for building their nests. Some time ago, near Seaville, N. J., I noticed in a grove of oaks that nearly every tree had an old tin can nailed up in it. I found on examination that the cans were all occupied by wrens and blue birds. But what attracted my attention most was an old boot fastened in one of the trees. As I approached it a blue bird flew out, and although it was twenty-five feet from the ground, I climbed up and saw inside five young birds comfortably sitting in the nest.

I once found a veritable tower-nest, built by a pair of robins. They had built a nest in a cedar tree, and it had been found unsuitable for some reason that they alone knew. Immediately afterwards they built a second one on top of it, and still being unsatisfied they built a third one. But they were very hard to please, for still another nest was constructed on top of the fourth before they were contented to begin house-keeping. Not long after that four little heads were peeping over the edge of their lofty home.

An old gentleman once told me that his wife, on a certain wash-day, missed a lace cap that she had hung out on the line and fastened with a clothes-pin. Several days afterward, when walking in his garden, he noticed something white fluttering in the branches of a cherry tree, and an examination showed that a pair of robins had taken the cap from the line and fastened it among the twigs and grass of their nest. The birds had undoubtedly pulled the cap from between the prongs of the clothes-pin, for they could not otherwise have obtained it. They were left in undisturbed possession of their prize.

A pair of sparrows in Central Park, New York, have regularly for several years built their nest and reared their young ones in the right hand of Daniel Webster's statue. But a stranger place than that has been used by a pair in Charing Cross, London, for six years past. These brave little fellows have made their home right in the mouth of a lion—but the lion is made of stone.

In St. Thomas, Ont., several nests of wrens were found inside street gas-lamps, where during the night a bright light was always burning, but they seemed in nowise disturbed by it.—Philadelphia Times.

### To Destroy Rats.

Some three weeks since, Mr. James Newell, a neighbor of mine, in reply to my question said: "If you will take a jar or pot, put it in your corn-crib, fill it within four or five inches of top with water, put a double handful of cotton seed on top of the water, and pile the corn around so that the rats can easily reach the top, you will catch every rat that passes by; the rats will jump on the cotton seed."

The next day I tried the experiment, and three days after had my jar examined, and the servant pulled out thirty-one drowned rats. In sixteen days I had caught ninety-two rats. Newell says the rats never hurt his corn. I have repeated the story to several, and all who have tried it, have been successful. The best place to set your jar, by the side or wall of the crib. All who are troubled with rats, try it.—Jas. M. Pearson, in Dixie Farmer.

—George Washington received the degree of LL. D. from Harvard, Yale, University of Pennsylvania and Brown.

### FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—A French circus performer has been engaged to give riding lessons to the young officers of the French army.

—Belgium's zinc manufacturing business has developed until one-third of all the zinc used in Europe is made in that country.

—The Madras Government is making a great effort to stimulate silk culture, three reservations of 500 acres each having been made for that purpose in different districts and a liberal appropriation provided.

—Duke Adolphus of Nassau, who has become Duke of Luxembourg, is one of the richest royal personages in Europe. He lost his throne in 1866 and became reconciled to the German Government two years ago.

—An English industrial paper is authority for the statement that in the Black country semi-skilled workmen on chains and nails, working sixty and sixty-five hours a week, are not able to earn more than ten to fifteen shillings per week, while women earn but four to six shillings.

—In Japan dentists travel from town to town, and their instruments of torture consist of small mallets and wedges. When a man wants a tooth extracted, the dentist pries open his mouth, and with his mallet drives a wedge under the aching molar until it is forced from its socket and can be removed with the fingers.

—The Eiffel Tower, at Paris, is the highest structure ever reared by human hands, being 1,178 feet high, or over twice as high as our great monument at Washington. The electric light at its summit will be visible for forty miles, and it will be strong enough to enable a person to read a newspaper at the distance of seven miles.

—A coal dealer in Yorkshire, Eng., has been in the habit of giving overweight in selling, the weighing machine being so constructed as to register about 2,400 pounds as a ton. He did this out of pure benevolence. But strangely enough his kindness was declared to be illegal by the authorities, who arrested and fined him for falsifying an official weight.

—An old European custom has died out this year. The religious service of foot-washing, which has lasted for four centuries in Austria, with occasional exceptions, was discontinued on account of the death of the Crown Prince. For forty years the present Emperor has washed the feet of twelve old men, while the Empress has performed the same service for twelve old women. It was a curious relic of mediæval times.

—The steel-casting works of Krupp cover an area of about 1,000 acres, in which 11,211 men are employed. Over 20,000 cannons of every caliber have been produced. The gross production of iron and steel averages 260,000 tons per annum. For the accommodation of traffic and shipping twenty-eight locomotives are used, with 882 freight carriages. About forty-five miles of narrow and broad-gauge railroad lines are laid through the establishment.

### JUGGERNAUT'S JEWELS.

How the Honor of the Idol Was Defended by Its Faithful Priests.

Many years ago I was quartered at Fuzarabad, an important military station about one hundred and fifty miles from the Madras coast. Unfortunately, at the time I was there, gambling and betting were much in vogue, and many men plunged and came to grief over their debts of honor. Of all that gay company, nobody was more popular and better-liked by both men and women than young Fitzroy; but, unfortunately, he lost money at the races, tried to recover himself at the whist table, but failed, got into the hands of the Marwarrees, and got deeper and deeper into the mire of debt. At length he told the narrator that he intended to go to England to raise money. "Will you come away with me?" he asked. "Give out that we have taken ten days' leave for some shooting, and see me down to the coast. If I go off alone, I shall be stopped by those cursed Marwarrees."

After some hesitation I agreed. He sent in his application for leave to Europe on private affairs, and I gave out that I was going on a ten days' shooting expedition.

A week later, with a couple of tongas, we had started on our long and wearying journey to the coast, where my poor young friend hoped to pick up a steamer to take him to Europe. On the second day we met crowds of people tramping along. In reply to our inquiries we were told they were all returning from the great festival of Juggernaut, held at Puri, now only some three days' journey from where we were. The tongawalla kept us interested with a graphic description of the festival and of the great god, which was especially remarkable for the wonderful jewels it possessed.

Two emerald eyes of inestimable value, its lips formed of the finest rubies in the world, and a necklace of priceless pearls. The sun was sinking as at last we neared the town of Puri, and we could see the pinnacles of the temples rise above the trees which surrounded the place. Half a mile the other side of the town stood the Travelers' Bungalow, where we intended putting up for the night. A more uncomfortable meal I never ate than the dinner which was served up to us that evening, and I was quite thankful when the poor lad said he was dead beat and would go to bed. My own room was on the other side of the bungalow, and I took my pipe and sat smoking in the veranda. The moon was just rising when I thought I saw the figure of a European stealing along the wall of the compound. Strange, I thought, and wondered what other European there could be here at the time. As idea struck me, and I went across to my companion's room. There was nobody in it, the bed was undisturbed. I threw down my pipe, and rushed out into the moonlight. A few seconds later I was out in the road, and turned instinctively in the direction of the temple.

I could not see the young officer; but ran on until I reached the wall of the temple compound—an enormous coun-

ty-yard of paved stone, on which were lying a number of priests, their white garments wrapped round their heads and bodies. In the background was placed temple after temple, but in the very center stood one solitary shrine raised on three separate flights of steps, and inside I could see the great black god raised on three other smaller flights of colored marble steps. The moonbeams shone directly on the god and lit up the emerald eye and ruby lips, while the pearl necklace glowed on his huge black bosom. To my unutterable horror I saw my companion walking right across the courtyard. My tongue clove to the roof of my mouth. I dared not shout even if I could have raised my voice. A ghastly horror took hold of me as the idea struck me that in his madness my poor friend intended to save his honor by the greater dishonor of robbing the idol. Speechless I saw him mount step after step, and the next moment I saw him enter the sacred shrine across the threshold of which no other foot but that of the Brahmin has ever passed. Nine steps led up to the god. He paused. I tried to shout, but no sound would come. He raised his hand as if to tear off the pearl necklace. It was still above his reach. His foot then touched the seventh. Oh, God! can I ever forget the sight? In the moonlight flashed out two arms covered with a hundred—nay, two hundred—daggers, and clasped the daring youth to the black god's breast. At the same moment the sound of a gong broke the stillness of the night, and in one moment the priests had cast off their coverings and were rushing to the shrine. Two minutes later I saw the amazed and horrified priests carrying out the lifeless body of the dishonored Englishman, and I turned and fled.—Times of India.

### CRAZED BY PROSPERITY.

Too Much Success Drives a Musical Composer Mad.

The sad story of William Rob, the composer, who has just been placed in a lunatic asylum, from which, according to the doctors, he is unlikely ever to go out again, gives a striking illustration of the dangers of overprosperity. His story is very curious. Twenty years ago he led the life of an out-and-out Bohemian—not of an elegant imitator, cashless Arab of art. At that time he was the familiar of two singers, who had a tremendous reputation among the frequenters of the less reputable musical halls at Vienna. At their entertainment he was the orchestra, for the sole accompaniment in these places is the piano. Besides this, he could make for them the not very moral couplets with which they made their mark. The wife might not be unpleasant, for though the wages were not good, and Rob often had to go all day without a meal, he could compensate for it at night. When his two "divas" were asked out to supper he went with them, and, by stuffing himself with good things and champagne, he made up for forced asceticism.

One evening a lucky thing happened to him. Somebody had suggested to Baron Nathaniel de Rothschild that it would be amusing to visit one of these singing saloons; and he went. As is well known, he is a musical amateur, and particularly fond of Viennese music. So when chance brought him to the place where our trio were performing he paid little attention to the rather commonplace charms of the two divas, while he noted with surprise the brilliant execution of their accompanist, who performed waltzes of Strauss and Laura as well as his own compositions in the interludes. Now, Rothschild had been thinking for some time of getting together a company of twelve first-rate musicians for his palace at Wilden, and the idea came across him—which he ultimately carried out—of installing Rob there as permanent chief. Here was a chance for the poor Bohemian. At the touch of a magician's wand he found himself transformed into splendid apartments, fashionably clothed, waited upon by servants, with his pockets full of money, and publishers clamoring for the rights of publishing his songs. His new patron was proud of him and took him to London, Paris and other places, got him into the best society, the Prince of Wales and otherwise made a lion of him. Everywhere the ex-pianist went about like a great lord; everywhere he was treated with the deference paid to wealth and the friends of millionaires. The change proved too great for his brain. The derangement of his faculties soon began to be shown by the development of extraordinary eccentricities. He developed an incredible refinement of taste, and even the table of the Baron de Rothschild was not exquisite enough for him. As to champagne, he gave over drinking it and used it externally. This got worse and worse. The Baron, who treated him as a spoiled child, thought to obviate the first symptoms of madness by traveling about with him to the Alps and elsewhere, but in vain. He got worse and worse, and eventually had to be handed over to a specialist, a sad case of a man's brain being overturned by prosperity.—London Globe.

### Intoxication by Ether.

The curious habit of taking ether as an intoxicant is becoming dangerously prevalent in the north of Ireland. The resident physician of Londonderry lunatic asylum states that quite a number of cases of insanity have been produced by the constant use of this drug. One wholesale druggist in Dublin sends hundreds of pounds' worth north every year. On account of its extreme volatility the intoxication it produces is so transient that a person may get gloriously drunk and become completely sober in a couple of hours. But the reaction, though at first imperceptible, is apparently cumulative in its results, and ultimately leads to mental derangement. One well-known gentleman, incredulous of its effects, recently took a dram and got so drunk that he broke a window in his ethereal exuberance of spirits, and but for the kind offices of a friend would have spent the night in a police station.—London Figaro.

### HORSES IN SUMMER.

Timely Suggestions Concerning Shoeing, Feeding and Harnessing.

The weakest part of a horse is the foot, and this is the most important part of the animal, for "no foot, no horse," is as true as it is a trite and common adage, and no other part of the anatomy of this indispensable animal is so much mismanaged as the foot. The foot is perhaps most neglected during the summer, a season when judicious treatment is required to repair the damage inflicted during the hardships of the winter, and when the feet may be brought under reparative treatment most easily and effectively.

Shoes are used for the preservation of the feet, and justly so during the winter season, when the frozen ground wears down the horn with great rapidity, and by its uneven surface would bruise and wound the worn and tender sole, unable to repair by new growth the excessive wear and tear of the roads. But when this need has passed and the earth is soft and yielding and the work of the fields favors the new growth and expansion of the hoof the shoes are no longer required, but are an injury rather than a help. Under such circumstances they are not only useless, but, being retained, they cramp and bind the hoofs and exert an injurious pressure upon the horn and the exceedingly sensitive membranes which connect this outer casing of the foot with the vascular tissue and tendons inclosed within it. The horn of the foot may be well compared with the bones of the head; the hoof, in fact, in some respects, serves a similar purpose to that of the skull, which protects the brain from injury, and when the hoof is struck with a hammer and the horse flinches, quite as much pain is inflicted as when a man might be struck on the head in a similar manner. And when, by congestion of the brain by inflammation and excess of blood in it, the head suffers so severely, in much the same manner the foot suffers excruciating pains, and the whole system is disturbed sympathetically, when the extremely sensitive organs bound up in the hoof are inflamed and distended by the pressure of excess of blood. Thus it becomes a matter for serious care how the feet of a horse should be managed at this season.

There is certainly no need for shoes on the foot now, and more especially a none for the retention of the old shoes which have done service up to this time. These should be removed and care taken to draw out all the broken nails. The foot will then expand on every pressure of the sole on the soil, and this healthful action will rapidly encourage a new growth of tissue, the increase of new horn, and a stronger and more elastic foot and movement. Nothing is more useful for a hoof that has been contracted by bad management or by disease brought on by bad feeding or injury than to remove the shoes and provide work on plowed ground or afford a run on a smooth pasture. There is no necessity for shoeing farm-horses in the summer; they will be far better without shoes, but to permit the old shoes to remain to be gradually worn off is a very great mistake.

Next to the foot the stomach of a horse is the most ill-used part of the beast. Feeding is usually done without any care. The rack is filled with hay and the feed-box with grain, and water is given as soon as the animal is brought out of the stable to go to work with the stomach filled with dry food. This courts trouble. It makes a waste of food. It frequently causes a fit of colic, and it washes the food out of the stomach into the intestines, through which it passes undigested and uselessly, often injuriously, and escapes with the excrement. Ample time should be given for the animal to eat its food, and water should be given in small quantity only after the morning feeding, and always before the noon and afternoon meals. Cut feed is always better than dry hay and whole grain in the summer. It is eaten more slowly; the coarse and fine thoroughly masticated together, and the digestion of it is better. It is more laxative than dry food, and bran may be fed in this way better than in any other, and bran is an excellent summer food for horses. The hay, too, tends to neutralize the effect of the green food used, by which the action of the skin is increased, and "softness" or excessive perspiration is induced.

The ease and comfort of a horse and consequently its profit to its owner are increased by well-fitting harness. It is a shame to an owner that his animal should be galled and raw by the chafing of a collar or a saddle. Horses differ in their make up the way the bones are more prominent than in others, the limbs are more angular, and the shoulder slopes differently; but nevertheless, as a rule, collars and harness are made on a fixed model. This causes galls and sores, which greatly interfere with the usefulness of the animals, not to speak of the tenderness of the skin caused by the profuse perspiration. The shoulders should be washed with salt water every evening; on the least sign of injury by the collar or the harness these should be padded with a piece of sheep skin wherever the hide is chafed and worn. The prevalent and unsightly shoe boils will not appear when shoes are not worn, and if it is thought necessary that some protection should be afforded for the feet, tips or smooth shoes only should be made use of.—N. Y. Times.

—A young man in Raleigh, N. C., eloped with the wife of one of his neighbors and the husband of the woman had the man arrested for stealing his wife. The justice of the peace before whom the case came up dismissed it on the ground that wife-stealing was not larceny, because a woman, even though a wife, is not personal property, and therefore could not be the subject of larceny.

—There are nearly 250,000 Indians in the United States, not including Alaska, and about 5,000 of them are in New York State, living on eight reservations set apart for their use.

### HOME AND FARM.

—Look out for the peach borers.

—It does not pay in the long run, or short run either, to buy cheap farm utensils or cheap stock. The best is the cheapest.

—Down in Texas they have a superstition that an egg laid on Good Friday will never spoil. The same belief is held in New Orleans.

—Cooking dandelions in a frying pan with a little water and a thin slice of bacon is the latest recommended way for making a healthful spring dish.

—To rid a room of roaches and other insects, pour hot alum or cayenne pepper tea in the cracks, and, after closing the windows and doors, burn sulphur in an old tin pan till the fumes penetrate every part of the room.

—Two large oranges, sliced and mixed with two sliced bananas, will greatly improve the flavor of the latter and will be quite sufficient for a breakfast for six people, as only a moderate quantity of fruit should be taken on an empty stomach.

—Baked Omelet: Beat two eggs lightly and stir in two teaspoonful of flour and half a teaspoonful of salt. Heat one cupful of milk hot and in it put one teaspoonful of butter. Pour the milk on to the egg, stir quickly and put into a hot, buttered pudding-dish and bake fifteen minutes in a hot oven.

—To guard against rust on seed, soak it in a strong solution of sulphate of copper. Corn should be treated in this way especially. If the spores are not destroyed the rust will appear in the crop. Too much care can not be exercised in selecting seed corn.

—When space and convenience permit, there is no better place for silo than in the barn. This makes it convenient for feed and saves expense, as no roof is required. If the barn is a basement barn, the silo may extend from the floor of the basement to the plates of the barn.—Dairy World.

—One good fruit is worth more than several poor ones. Whoever aims to have the finest fruit must thin, beginning soon after the fruit is set, and continuing until it is nearly full grown, ultimately removing three-fourths of all set. Thinning is now recognized as the key to profitable fruit growing.

—Wheat is the best food for animals. Oats for the horse. Corn is not a good horse feed. Peas are the most nutritious food there is for stock. Corn-stalks are very carbonaceous. Milk and grass are complete foods. Wheat bran, linseed meal and cottonseed meal are the main carbonaceous foods; but they should be fed with hay.

—No sitting-room should ever be considered furnished without the presence of a good, commodious scrap-basket. Its sides may flutter with ribbons, or be as solid and matter-of-fact as possible. Nowadays we can have any thing in this line, from the solid peach-basket, lined with crotona, to the most delicate wicker-work, laden with coquettish bows and exquisite flowers. Indeed, these are a blessing if placed in every room in the house, adding so much to the comfort of their inmates.

—Grafting may be done even when the trees are in bloom, provided the cions are dormant. At this time, when a growth has started, some form of crown-grafting is preferable to cleft-grafting. At this time the bark separates readily from the wood, and unless great care is observed troublesome accidents may happen.